THRIFT DAY
Program

for use in

ELEMENTARY *and* HIGH SCHOOLS

. . . Economy no more means saving money than it means spending money;—spending or saving, whether money or time, or anything else, to the best possible advantage.

—John Ruskin

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FOREWORD TO THE TEACHER.

The following programs for "Thrift Day" celebrations are intended as suggestions for teachers in working out methods of interesting boys and girls in the practice of thrift. The teacher knows local conditions, the abilities of her pupils, and their opportunities for earning money. She will, therefore, be able to localize and adapt these suggestions to meet the needs of her school.

Programs of this sort are, of course, of little value unless they are connected with the actual earning and saving of money and things. In this connection the teachers of America have an opportunity for a great national service, in helping their boys and girls to discover ways of earning money that are useful and productive, in making them understand that their industry benefits not only themselves but their community, and in making available for them ways of saving and investing the money they earn.

In Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps the Government is offering to everyone an easy and safe means of investing small sums where they will pay a reasonable rate of interest. It relies upon you to see that these stamps are made accessible to your pupils; for if the stamps are at hand and easy to obtain, children will buy them. If you are perplexed about ways of making them available, consult the local representative of the savings organization.

The sale of Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps, of course, benefits the Government; but the benefits to be realized through the fact that the sale of them educates the people in the wise use of money are much greater. It is the people themselves who reap the greatest benefits, and to children especially the War Savings Stamp is a golden opportunity.

THRIFT DAY PROGRAM.

PRIMARY GRADE PROGRAM.

1. Opening chorus: Patriotic song.
2. Address by pupil: "The Meaning of This Meeting."
3. Recitation: "How Do I Know When I'm Thrifty." Alberta Walker.
   (Second grade pupil.)
4. Chorus: "Oh, Why Not Buy a Thrift Stamp, Stamp."
   (Tune, "Good Morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip.")
5. Recitations: "There Is a Boy in Our School."
   (Two pupils of first grade.)
6. Play, "The Three Bears of To-day."
   (Five pupils of third grade.)
7. Chorus: "Stamps." Oral Swift.
   (Tune, "Smiles.")
8. Speech by a pupil.
9. Recitation: "The Garden Soldiers' Song." Alberta Walker.
   (Five pupils from fourth grade.)
10. Recitation: "Our Flag." Mary Howlister.
    (Fourth grade pupil.)
11. Play, "Ethel and the Stamp." Henrietta R. Dunlap.
12. Closing chorus: Patriotic song.

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1. Chorus: Patriotic song.
2. Address by pupil.

THE MEANING OF THIS MEETING.

We are having a Thrift rally to-day. Thrift means using everything you have so that you will get the most good out of it. We want to use our time wisely, we want to take good care of clothes and furniture, we want to spend our money on the most useful things. We want to have some good times with our money, too, but we don't want to spend all our money on good times.

Then we will put some of our money in Thrift and War Savings Stamps, because that is the way to make our money help Uncle Sam and ourselves, too.

Let us all keep thinking during this meeting how we can earn money to put in Thrift and War Savings Stamps. If you put $4.12 in a War Savings Stamp this month (January) you will be ever so happy when you get $5 back four years and one month from now.

3. Recitation:

HOW DO I KNOW WHEN I'M THRIFTY?

How do I know when I'm thrifty?
My muscles are hardy and strong.
I take care of my health, for I know that it's wealth,
And avoid in my food what is wrong.

How do I know when I'm thrifty?
Save my energy, money, and time.
Save steps and save motion and approve of the notion
To save every penny and dime.

How do I know when I'm thrifty?
I think of the money I spend.
I make it go far, its wasting I bar,
Yet love to share all with a friend.

Alberta Walker.

4. Chorus:

OH, WHY NOT BUY A THRIFT STAMP, STAMP.

[Tune, "Good morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip."]

Oh, *why* not buy a Thrift Stamp, Stamp,
With your pennies new and old?
Oh, *why* not buy a Thrift Stamp, Stamp,
With the money from the junk you sold?
It surely is easy to save up a dime,
A penny, or a nickel, just one at a time.
Oh, *why* not buy a War Savings Stamp
With the money that you hold?

5. Recitation:

RHYMES FROM "THE THRIFTY MOTHER GOOSE."

[Submitted by Avenue B School of the Children's Aid Society, New York City.]

First child—

There is a boy in our school,
And he is wondrous wise,
With every quarter that he earns
A nice Thrift Stamp he buys.

Second child—

He says that when his card is full,
With all his might and main,
He'll save up for another card,
And fill it up again.

6. Play:

"THE THREE BEARS OF TO-DAY."

Description of players.—The characters are introduced by a boy (or girl), who retires from the center of the stage to one side after saying his (or her) lines. A small child should be chosen to represent Baby Thrift Stamp Bear. Next in size should be middle-sized Mother War Savings Stamp, and, of course, the largest—big Treasury Savings Certificate Bear. The characters these children portray may be disclosed by each one holding a poster advertising what he represents. Nowadays these are very easily obtained in most places, but if they are not to be had, labels may be made in large letters on paper bands and placed round their heads or waists. Uncle Sam. in costume, stands to one side and gazes benignly at his "Three Bears," who stand in line facing the audience.

Introducer:

The Three Bears is a story old,
Which many times your mother told,
But now before you do you see
The best bears in captivity.
There's Father Bear and Mother Bear
[Motioning first to Father, then to Mother]
And Baby Bearkin, too. [Motioning to him.]
They're very brave and take much care
To show themselves true blue.

Thrift Stamp Bear (taking one step forward):

A wee little baby bear, I am,
But I'm working hard for Uncle Sam.
Save your pennies and ere you know
Into a Savings Stamps I'll grow.

War Saving Stamp Bear [stepping up beside Thrift]:

A Savings Stamp is the Mother Bear.
Sixteen Thrift Stamps are my care.
Four dollars and more you need to buy
A Savings Stamp. Why don't you try?

Treaury Savings Certificate Bear [stepping up beside War Savings Stamp]:

The Certificate is Father Bear;
I cost much money everywhere.
I cost too much for little scholars,
So leave me to the grown ups' dollars.

Uncle Sam:

Of these Three Bears, I am justly proud,
And wish to shout their praises loud.
Each one is doing his share and more,
To give us happiness galore.

(Adaptation from Teachers' Monographs, May, 1919. Jamaica, N. Y.)

STAMPS.

[Tune, "Smiles."]

There is thrift, that is not stingy,
There is thrift, that is not mean;
There is thrift that makes us better people,
Thrift that builds a life serene and clean;
There is thrift that makes our burdens lighter,
And a thrift that makes a better day;
But the thrift that makes the future brighter
Is the Thrift Stamp of U. S. A.

Oral Swift, North English, Iowa.

8. Subjects for speeches by pupils:

(*a*) HOW I EARNED MONEY.

How do we boys and girls get our money? Most of it is given to us by our parents. Now, that is not the best way to get it. We should earn the money ourselves. What can we do this winter to earn money?

Perhaps our parents will pay us for doing extra work. If we are not too far from a neighbor, both boys and girls can help the neighbor in many ways.

The girls can sweep and wash the dishes and mind the baby while the farmer's wife is busy. Perhaps some of the big girls can do plain sewing. Then they can make tatting and crocheted lace to sell. Perhaps they know how to make the beautiful baskets which city people like to buy.

The boys can help in a hundred ways. They can build fires in the morning, and split kindling, and sift ashes. They can milk the cows and feed the cattle.

If a boy or girl really earns the money for a War Savings Stamp himself, he will be ever so much prouder of that stamp than he will be if the money is given to him.

(*b*) THE DRIED-UP WELL.

There is an old saying, "You never miss the water till the well runs dry." Suppose you know a well that is just full of water. You think, "Oh, there's plenty of water. I don't have to save it." So you throw away a bucket full, and spill it on the ground. Then a drought comes. And the well goes dry because water was wasted when there seemed to be plenty.

It's the same way with other things.

The French people are terribly shocked with the way we cut down trees in our forests. If they cut down a tree, every tiny bit of wood is used in some way, either to make articles out of or as firewood. We cut down a tree, lop off the branches and leave the stump in the ground to waste. They say that if the people of the United States keep on cutting down trees the way they do, all our forests will be gone in from 15 to 35 years.

It's the same way with money.

If you waste your money now a day will come when you will need the money that you are throwing away. So save your little bits of money and in the course of time you will find that the little bits have grown into a big lump. Just the way a hill is made of little grains of earth and rock, a hundred dollars is made up of cents. Don't waste the pennies.

9. Recitation (to be recited by six children, each carrying a tool):

THE GARDEN SOLDIERS' SONG.

Spade—

I am a spade, the gardener's friend,
I delve into the earth;
I turn the soil; my strength I lend
To give the garden birth.

Hoe and Rake—

We are the hoe and steel-toothed rake;
Our owners strive and toil.
They work until their bodies ache
To pulverize the soil.

Rake—

I'm needed by the school—
My teeth are sharp and stout—
For, more than any other tool,
I spread the earth about.

Balls of Cord—

Two little balls of cord are we.
We mark the garden rows;
We stretch the line; and then, you see,
The garden straighter grows.

Trowel—

I dig the homes for bulb and seed—
Two inches, three, or four;
Then, at the coming of the weeds,
I dig a little more.

Watering Can—

And when the sun has shone all day,
No cloud the dry earth heeds,
Then friendly rain I daily play,
And shower the sprouting seeds.

All the Tools—

We are the tools that work for you—
From tiny trowel to hoe.
Together all our best we do
To make the garden grow!

Alberta Walker.

10. Recitation:

OUR FLAG.

There are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag, however grand,
Like our own "Red, White, and Blue."
I know where the prettiest colors are,
And I'm sure if I only knew
How to get them here I could make a flag
Of glorious "Red, White, and Blue."

I would cut a piece from an evening sky,
Where the stars were shining through
And use it just as it was on high,
For my stars and field of blue.
Then I'd want a part of a fleecy cloud,
And some red from a rainbow bright,
And put them together side by side
For my stripes of red and white.

We shall always love the "Stars and Stripes,"
And we mean to be ever true.
To this land of ours and the dear old flag.
The Red, the White, and the Blue.
Then hurrah for the flag! Our country's flag,
Its stripes and white stars, too;
There is no flag in any land,
Like our own "Red, White, and Blue!"

Mary Howlister.

ETHEL AND THE STAMP.

CHARACTERS.

Announcer.
Ethel.
Toy Bank.
War Savings Stamp.

The Toy Bank should have a flat bag around his neck with a slot in it. The Savings Stamp should have a similar bank with the letters W. S. S. on it. The Savings Stamp must have a piece of paper with 5 on it to represent the $5 bill. Ethel must have in her bag eight make-believe dollars and the make-believe money.

(*Enter Announcer, right.*)

ANNOUNCER:

Little Ethel earned some money
And now she says with shining face
She wants with care to put the treasure
In the very safest place.

BANK (running in, right). My, I'm hungry. I wish somebody would give me some money to eat. [Jumps up and down.] You see you don't hear a sound. I like to be full of money, so that I go jingle-jingle every time I step. [Little bank takes up position at left of stage.]

(Enter War Savings Stamp, right, and takes position to right of stage.)

BANK. Hello, War Savings Stamp. How are you selling to-day?

WAR SAVINGS STAMP. Well, nobody has bought me yet.

BANK. What are you worth this month?

WAR SAVINGS STAMP. Well, this is January, so I sell for $4.12.

BANK. Hark! I hear some one coming! Maybe I'll get some money.

(Enter Ethel, left.)

ETHEL (carrying a little handbag). My, but I'm so afraid I'll lose my money before I put it in a safe place. I worked hard for this

money. There's a dollar I made out of my summer garden, and there's another dollar I got for minding the baby a whole month. My! I've got $8.44. But I certainly did work hard for it!

BANK. Oh, little girl, I'm so hungry! Please feed me some money!

ETHEL. Will you take care of my money?

BANK. Indeed I will. I won't let a soul touch it!

WAR SAVINGS STAMP. You better put your money in me, little girl. I'll take care of your money, and I'll make it grow, too.

ETHEL. You are both so kind to me. I don't know what to do.

BANK. Please, I'm so hungry!

WAR SAVINGS STAMP. I can make money grow.

ETHEL. I'll tell you. I'll divide my money between you. There's $4.22 for you, little Bank.

BANK. Oh, fine! The dollars make me feel fat, and the coins make me jingle.

ETHEL. There's $4.22 for you, War Savings Stamp.

WAR SAVINGS STAMP. Great; That's just my price.

ETHEL. Now, I am going away for five years. Take good care of my money.

BANK. I surely will take care of it.

WAR SAVINGS STAMP. I will make it grow.

(Exit Ethel, left.)

(Enter Announcer, right.)

ANNOUNCER:

Now five years are gliding by
And Ethel comes to see
If all her saved-up money
Is safe as it can be.

(Exit Announcer, right.)

(Enter Ethel, left.)

BANK. Hello, Ethel. Have you come after your money?

ETHEL. Hello, little Bank! Have you taken good care of it?

BANK (putting his hand in his pocket and drawing out the money). There it is. Count it.

ETHEL (taking the money). Four dollars and twenty-two cents. Oh, you dear little Bank! You have taken such splendid care of my money. It is just exactly the way I gave it to you. War Savings Stamp, have you taken care of my money, too?

WAR SAVINGS STAMP (handing out a $5 bill). There it is.

ETHEL. Five dollars! That's not my money. I gave you only $4.22.

WAR SAVINGS STAMP. Oh, yes; that's your money. It grew while it was inside of me.

ETHEL. Oh, I feel so rich and happy. Little Bank, you are good and honest, but you can't do what the Savings Stamp can do.

BANK. Oh, he is related to Uncle Sam.

ETHEL. Savings Stamp, I certainly do thank you. Will you make some more money grow for me?

WAR SAVINGS STAMP. Sure. All you put into me.

(*Enter Announcer, right.*)

ANNOUNCER:

Now Ethel says, "So if you wish
To make your money grow
To buy a blue War Savings Stamp
Is the wisest way I know."

Henrietta F. Dunlap.

12. Closing chorus: Patriotic song.

UPPER-GRADE PROGRAM.

1. Opening chorus: Patriotic song.
2. Address by pupil: "How and Where We Will Save."
3. Recitation: "To-day"----------Thomas Carlyle.
   (Fifth-grade pupil.)
4. Recitation: "Opportunity"----------Edward Rowland Sill.
   (Sixth-grade pupil.)
5. Chorus (to be selected).
6. Four-minute speech (subject to be selected).
7. Recitation: "How to be Happy"----------Anonymous.
8. Chorus: "Savings Stamps I Buy"----------Mrs. G. W. Welch.
   (Tune, Comin' Thro' the Rye.)
9. Declamation (to be selected).
10. Recitation: "De Bigges' Pile"----------Clarence Elmer.
11. Recitation: "Peace Hymn of the Republic"----------Selected.
12. Chorus: "Over Here"----------Lorenz Kinger.
    (Tune, Over There.)
13. Play: "The Handmaid"----------Henrietta F. Dunlap.
14. Chorus: Patriotic song.

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1. Chorus: Patriotic song.
2. Address by pupil:

HOW AND WHERE WE WILL SAVE.

This meeting is called for the purpose of discussing how we must save and why we should save—both for the sake of ourselves and for the sake of our country.

We are going to try to save especially in small things. It is easy not to waste large things. It is the small things and small bits of money which slip away while we are not looking.

Most of all, we are going to try to earn the money which we save. Money which you have earned yourself is worth more to you than money which has been given to you. Moreover, it is right for every one of us to earn. We must earn our livings when we grow up and now is the time to learn how, while we are boys and girls.

3. Recitation:

TO-DAY.

So here hath been dawning
  Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
  This new day was born;
Into Eternity,
  At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
  No eye ever did;
So soon it for ever
  From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
  Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away?

Thomas Carlyle.

4. Recitation:

OPPORTUNITY.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this

Blunt thing!" He snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Edward Rowland Sill.

5. Chorus (to be selected).

6. Suggestions for four-minute speeches or essays, to be developed by the pupil:

I. Thrift and the high cost of living.

A. Extravagance and luxury are important causes of the high cost of living:

1. They waste money, materials, and labor.
2. They make prices consequently high.

B. Thrift is a remedy.

1. Industry increases the amount of materials produced.
2. Buying wisely only what we can afford, and what we really want, buying for value not for show, and taking care of what we buy, saves materials, money, and labor.
3. Saving and investing our money increases the amount of money that can be used to produce more goods.

II. Taking care of nickels.

A. All wealth is made up of small sums, just as the wheat that feeds the world comes done up in separate grains.

The street railways of New York City last year collected $95,000,000, all in nickels.

Ten cents a day invested at 4 per cent interest in 20 years will amount to about $1,500.

One Thrift Stamp a week for five years will amount to $65 if converted into War Savings Stamps.

B. Saving small sums is the best way of laying the foundation for future prosperity.

C. Learning to take care of small sums now trains one for handling large ones later on.

"If you would be sure you are beginning right, begin to save."

Theodore Roosevelt.

III. Other suggestions for short speeches or essays:

A. How I had a good time earning money last summer.

B. What it means to live on Mr. Thrifty's farm.

C. Making my money work for me.

D. My hens are helping me to go to college.

E. Why I believe in buying Thrift and War Savings Stamps.

F. What I hope to do when I am grown, and how I plan to do it.

G. How to spend my money wisely.

H. My war garden.

7. Recitation:

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Are you almost disgusted
  With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment,
  If anything can—
Do something, for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired
  With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged, and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
  Game in the world—
Do something, for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain
  Of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick.
You can make the sun shine
  In your soul, little man—
Do something, for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass
  Overhead, little girl,
And the walks like a well-heated brick.
And our earthly affairs
  In a terrible whirl—
Do something, for somebody, quick!

Anonymous.

8. Chorus:

SAVINGS STAMPS I BUY.

[Tune, "Comin' Thro' the Rye."]

Everybody's buying stamps,
  Saving thus his dimes,
Everybody buys some stamps,
  Showing thrift betimes.

Chorus:

Every lassie has her bookie,
  Surely one ha'e I,
And all the lads they smile on me
  When Savings Stamps I buy.

If a body fails to buy
Savings Stamps that pay,
O, that body fails to buy
Help for rainy day.

Chorus:

Every laddie has his bookie,
Surely one ha'e I,
And, oh, the lassies smile on me
When Savings Stamps I buy.

Everybody, old and young
Helping Uncle Sam,
Everybody with a tongue
Saying "Glad I am."

Chorus:

Everybody is so thrifty,
Everyone can cry,
"Uncle Sam he smiles on me
When Savings Stamps I buy!

Mrs. George W. Welch, Des Moines, Iowa.

9. Recitation.

DECLAMATIONS.

Note to teacher: The nine quotations from the writings of famous men my be recited by nine pupils. Possibly the pupils may be selected with regard to their relative sizes, letting the smallest pupil recite the first quotation, the largest pupil the last.

Benjamin Franklin's "Whistle" should be the declamation of one pupil.

Economy makes happy homes and sound nations. Instill it deep.

George Washington.

Teach economy. That is one of the first and highest virtues. It begins with saving money.

Abraham Lincoln.

Save and teach all you are interested in to save; thus pave the way for moral and material success.

Thomas Jefferson.

Extravagance rots character; train youth away from it. On the other hand, the habit of saving money, while it stiffens the will, also brightens the energies. If you would be sure that you are beginning right, begin to save.

Theodore Roosevelt.

Men of the South, save! You must learn this lesson, or that economy, which so stiffens the North and inspires and stimulates its industry, will overwhelm you.

Henry Clay.

Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up. Experience teaches that it is the men and women who pay attention to small savings that become wealthy. By saving nickels and dimes a thrifty person lays the foundation of a fortune.

James A. Garfield.

Too much can not be done for the promotion of thrift. It ought to be urged upon the young in the home, in the school, everywhere. Thrift as a necessity, as a duty, ought to be insisted upon for everybody in every place of public discussion. The want of frugality, the unlimited extravagance of the time, is a public menace, and any movement that will tend to check it deserves the highest commendation.

G. W. Clark, Governor of Iowa.

Careful saving and careful spending invariably promote success. Economy is one of the most essential elements of success, yet most wretchedly disregarded. The 5 or 10 cents squandered a day, if saved, will in a few years amount to thousands of dollars. If a man is not competent to manage a small income or a small business, he is not competent to manage a large income or a large business.

Marshall Field.

I suppose not many fortunate by-products can come out of the war; but if the United States can learn something about saving out of this war it will be worth the cost of the war. I mean the literal cost of it in money and resources.

Woodrow Wilson.

THE WHISTLE.

When a child of 7 years old my friends on a holiday filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys

for children, and being charmed with the sound of a whistle I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home and went whistling all over the house much pleased with my whistle. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth, put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money, and laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation, and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me: when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle," and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men I met with many who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw one too ambitious to court favor, sacrificing his time, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends to attain it I have said to myself, "This man gives too much for his whistle."

If I knew a miser who gave up any kind of a comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship for the sake of accumulating wealth, "Poor man," said I, "you pay too much for your whistle."

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing improvement of the mind or of fortune and ruining his health in its pursuit, "Mistaken man," said I, "you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle."

If I see one fond of appearance or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts and ends his career in a prison, "Alas," say I, "he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

In short, I conceive that a great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things and by their giving too much for their whistles.

Benjamin Franklin.

10. Recitation:

"DE BIGGES' PILE."

Heah! Yo' Washin'ton Lincum Lee, what kin' ob boy yo' gitin ter be?

Stan'in' thar, lik' yo's nofin ter do but watch 'at woodpile front ob you.

Spec' dem logs is gwine ter say—"We's goin' ter split oursel's terday, jus' run erlong, li'l boy, an' play."

Oh! Yer has done a lot, but it seems as tho' de res' keeps pilin' mo' an' mo',
An' yer reckon, ef dey gwine thataway ter ac', yo'll neber hab de time ter play.
Sho, 'at's kase mos'ly all de while, yo' jus' keep watchin' de wrong heap, chile. Turn 'roun', an' look at de 'is done' pile.

Ain' ah tole yer time 'n' agen, 'at when yer grows an' gits 'mong men,
Dey aint gwine ter car' what yo' *has ter do*, but dey'll sho wan' er know, what's *been done* by you.
An' de mo' *is dones* yer has ter show, de mo' day's gwine ter respec' yer so, an' point yer out wher'er yo' go.

Fo' de man what shirks his wuk ter fret 'bout his job wha' aint done yet,
Jus, as sho's yer a foot high, son, is de feller what never gits nofin done.
An' nofin done means nofin ter eat, an' mos'ly holes in yer trouser seat, an' yer rated "No count" by all yo' meet.

So—wheneber yo' has a task ter do, jus' 'member what Ah'm tellin' you,
In odah ter 'complish de 'tings yer should, yer mus' do lik' yo's choppin' 'at wood—
Don' fret 'bout what ain done, chile, keep pluggin' away an' in a while, de one what's *Done* is de *Bigges' Pile*.

Clarence Elmer, in Boys' Life for September.

11. Recitation:

PEACE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

O Lord, our God, Thy mighty hand
Hath made our country free;
From all her broad and happy land
May praise arise to Thee!
Fulfill the promise of her youth,
Her liberty defend;
By law and order, love and truth,
America befriend!

The strength of every State increase
In Union's golden chain;
Her thousand cities fill with peace,
Her million fields with grain.
The virtues of her mingled blood
In one new people blend;
By unity and brotherhood,
America befriend!

Oh, suffer not her feet to stray,
But guide her untaught might;
That she may walk in peaceful day
And lead the world in light.
Bring down the proud, lift up the poor,
Unequal ways amend;
By justice, Nation-wide and sure,
America befriend!
By faith and hope and charity,
America befriend!

Selected.

12. Chorus:

OVER HERE.

[Tune, "Over There."]

Johnny get your bank, get your bank, get your bank,
Shake it up and down with a clank, with a clank,
Till the pennies all come out,
Rolling here and there about.
Take them to the store, to the store, to the store,
Make them seem like more, seem like more, seem like more;
Go up to the clerk and say,
"I want to buy a stamp to-day."

"Over here! Over here!" said the clerk, with a smile and a cheer.
Everybody's buying and all are crying.
"Come and get your profit clear."

"Take a steer, over here, twenty-five for a stamp is not dear.
Hear us sighing, and loudly crying,
We have Thrift Stamps, Savings Stamps,
On sale for you, right here."

Miss Lorenz Klinger, West Oelwein, Iowa.

13. Play:

THE HANDMAID.

A Masque.

(By Henrietta F. Dunlap.)

CHARACTERS.

Peace.
The Spirit of Love.
The Spirit of Giving.
The Spirit of Art.
Thrift.
First Spokesman (in group of people at right).
Second Spokesman (in group of people at left).
First Child (in group of children at right).

Second Child (in group of children at left).
Third Child (in group of children at left).
Two groups of people (at least five in a group).
Two groups of children (at least three in a group).

All the characters should be dressed in Greek costumes of soft clinging cheesecloth. The positions on the stage and the colors of the costumes are indicated in the following diagram. By left and right are meant the left and right of the actor as he faces the audience.

Let Peace carry a green branch, perhaps a branch of long-needled pine, in her left arm.

Peace (white).
Art (dull green).
Love (dull red.)

People (gray). Giving (dull gold). People (gray).
Children (pale blues, greens, rose). Children (pale colors).

Thrift (dull purple).
(Front of stage.)

The curtain rises on a tableau.

Peace stands on a platform in the rear center. The Spirit of Love, the Spirit of Giving, the Spirit of Art are grouped at the foot of the platform, Love and Art to the left, Giving to the right. On either side are groups of the People of the World. They stand with their heads down, some of their faces buried in their hands, a general attitude of sorrow and dejection. If possible, let some one play a slow march on the piano. If the stage has no curtain let the actors come on in a slow procession: first, the group of three (Love, Generosity, Art), then Peace, by herself, then the People of the World—all moving with slow, stately steps.

PEACE. How bright is the sunshine! How sweet is the air!

LOVE. It is thy spirit, Peace, which spreads all over this fair land.

PEACE. And yet my people are not happy. Look! They droop in tears and mourning the livelong day. What can we do to help them?

LOVE. I will go forth and breathe my spirit over them. Love will make them happy.

GIVING. I will go to them and teach them the joy of giving. Only those who give to others are really happy.

ART. I will surround them with things of beauty, rich draperies, rare paintings, marble temples.

(Enter Thrift, right, followed by a group of little children. Another group of children enters left and stands quietly.)

PEACE. Go forth, my sisters. Only bring happiness to my people. It is all I ask.

THRIFT. May I help, fair Peace? I, too, love the People.

PEACE. Who are you? What is your work in the world?

THRIFT. I am Thrift. I gather the fragments that People throw away in time of plenty. Then People turn to me in time of want. I will be the handmaid of Love, and Giving, and Art.

PEACE. Surely, kind Thrift, we want your help. Who are the children?

THRIFT. They are the Children of the World. They help me heap together scraps which make my store. Come, children, we will go forth to gather the earth's squandered riches.

PEACE. Good-by, good Thrift. We await your coming.

(Exeunt Thrift, followed by children. Children at left exeunt also.)

PEACE. My People stil mourn. Go help them, Love.

(Love moves to group of People on right.)

LOVE. Why do you weep, good People? Can not you feel a warm sweetness throughout your whole being? That is love.

FIRST SPOKESMAN. We are cold. Our loved ones perish of cold. How can we be happy when our loved ones suffer? We are unhappy because we do love.

LOVE. I can not help them. They are cold. [Moving to group on left.] Good People, why are you so sad?

SECOND SPOKESMAN. We have no food. We are starving. Our loved ones die for lack of food. Give us food for those we love.

LOVE (returning to Peace). I can not help them because they have no food.

(Enter Thrift and the children. The children left have sticks of wood and lumps of coal. The First Child carries a large jar. The children, right, have baskets.)

PEACE. Perhaps Thrift can help us. Kind Thrift, our People need meat and fire. What have you there?

THRIFT. My children have gathered the food and fuel that many have thrown away. [Turning to children] Children, feed the hungry people. Give them fire. Warm them.

(Children on right run up to people, right.)

FIRST CHILD. Here, poor people! Here is a pot of flame for you. Warm yourselves! [He sets down a jar in front of the group, acting as if it were hot.] Now, my brothers, feed the flame.

(The children drop coals and sticks of wood into the pot, then return to their group position on the right.)

FIRST SPOKESMAN. Ah, we live! We are warm!

SECOND SPOKESMAN. We are hungry! Feed us!

THRIFT. Go feed them, children!

(The children with baskets run up to the group of People on the left.)

SECOND CHILD. Eat, you poor People! Here are bread and meat for you!

SECOND SPOKESMAN. Ah, we feel better now. Our loved ones are fed.

Love. Thank you, kind Thrift. You have helped the Spirit of Love.

Peace. What more will you do for us, Thrift?

Thrift. Again, I will send the children forth into the world, to gather what the wasteful squander. Go children. Peace, I will return again to help your people.

(The children scamper off right and left.)

(Exit Thrift, right.)

(The People of the World again droop in attitudes of dejection.)

Peace. The People are not happy. Why are you still sad, my People?

(The People shake their heads.)

Giving. I will speak to them. Good People, you are unhappy because you are selfish. Only those who give freely can be happy. Receive the Spirit of Giving into your souls.

First Spokesman. How can we give? Our hands are empty.

Second Spokesman. Gladly would we give, but we have nothing. Give us what we may give away.

Giving. Alas, I have only the Spirit. Peace, what can we do?

(Enter Thrift.)

Peace. Here is Thrift. Dear Thrift, again we need you. What can you do for our unhappy People? They have the Spirit of Giving and nothing to give.

Thrift. I will call the children. [Enter Children from both sides, each child carrying a beautiful object—a piece of colored drapery, a vase, a statuette.] See, what they have gathered that the careless have thrown away. Children, bear your gifts to the People.

First Child. See how beautiful our gifts are!

Second Child (holding up a vase). I found this just thrown away. Isn't it lovely?

Second Spokesman. It is lovely. That was mine. I threw it away. See, sister, I did not know it was lovely.

First Spokesman. Such wonderful things thrown away! If we had kept them we would have had gifts to bestow.

Second Spokesman. And now the children have brought these treasures back to us.

First Spokesman. Now we can be generous because we have something to give.

(All give gifts to the person at the side.)

Spirit of Giving. Now I see we must have more than the spirit of giving.

Peace. Good Thrift, again we thank you. What more can you give us?

Thrift. Go, children. Again search the world for what it is throwing away.

(Children scamper off, right and left.)

(The People wearily lay gifts on the ground.)

PEACE. Now, see. The People tire of their gifts. What can we do for them now?

SPIRIT OF ART. They need beauty. I wish I could raise temples of beauty for them and paint the walls with beautiful pictures. But I can not.

PEACE. Why can you not? Are you not the Spirit of Art?

ART. Yes; I am the Spirit of Art, but how can I build without money? I can not buy the stones. I can not pay the workers. I can give no joy to the People.

PEACE. Dear Thrift, have you no money to give to the Spirit of Art?

THRIFT. I will summon the Children and see what they have gathered.

(She raises her arm and the children enter right and left. They are holding their fists clutched as if full of coins and silver bills.)

THRIFT. Children, the People of the World need money in order that the work of the world may go on.

FIRST CHILD. See, here is a handful of pennies people threw away.

SECOND CHILD. Here is a handful of dimes spent carelessly.

THIRD CHILD. I have a whole handful of dollar bills that were spent foolishly.

(Each child runs up to the People of the World, who take the money from the children. The children then scamper back to their group places at both sides of the stage.)

FIRST SPOKESMAN. The children have saved the money we grown people have squandered.

SECOND SPOKESMAN. The children are teaching us a lesson. They are teaching us what wealth we have thrown away.

FIRST SPOKESMAN. When these children become the People of the World, they will be both wiser and richer than we.

PEACE (to Thrift). Thrift, you have not only given stores to my people, you have taught them wisdom.

ART. How you have helped me, kind Thrift.

GIVING. Without you, Thrift, the People would have nothing to give.

LOVE. Without your gifts, sweet Thrift, how can we care for those we love?

PEACE. Thrift, we see that you are indeed necessary to the happiness of the People.

THRIFT. I am the handmaid of all of you. I can not work happiness alone, but without my help, Love, and Giving, and Art can not give joy to the People whom they serve.

14. Chorus: Patriotic song.

HIGH-SCHOOL PROGRAM.

1. Chorus: Patriotic song.
2. Opening address: "Our Debt to Uncle Sam."
3. Four-minute speech (subject to be selected).
4. Recitation: "The Boy Columbus." Anonymous.
5. Declamation: "Thrift." Dr. Frank Crane.
6. Chorus: Selected.
7. Four-minute speech (subject to be selected).
8. Declamation (subject to be selected).
9. Chorus: Selected.
10. Play: "Where's Your Money?" Henrietta F. Dunlap.
11. Chorus: Patriotic song.

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1. Chorus: Patriotic song.

2. Opening address: "Our Debt to Uncle Sam." (Submitted by First Federal Reserve District.)

Suggestion.—If possible, choose a boy who is a purchaser of stamps as well as one who is a good speaker and a good citizen.

Do you remember reading or hearing about Gen. Pershing's speech upon the occasion of his visit to the tomb of Lafayette? Lafayette rendered our country a great service at the time of the Revolutionary War—a service this country has but recently been able to repay. It is not possible to imagine what the history of this Nation might have been had the French not come to our assistance at that time of our need. And yet, I repeat, in a period of about 150 years we had never really settled our account with them. But when this last World War had brought France to the place where she saw little hope of success, where she feared her very future existence, America entered the struggle and went to her aid. It was then that Gen. Pershing visited the tomb of Lafayette, the great statesman of France, the great friend of America, and in a deep, clear voice said the words—so few in number, yet so rich in meaning—"Lafayette, we are here!"

Now, just as the United States owed a debt to France, the people of America owe a debt to Uncle Sam for great service rendered. He is giving us home, comfort, education, prosperity, happiness, and opportunity. The United States has paid her debt to France. Shall we, the children of America, pay our debt to Uncle Sam? "Yes!" I know your answer; it is "Yes!" but now you are asking, "How?"

This Government is conducting a campaign for the purpose of urging our citizens, old and young alike, to cultivate a habit which

we sadly lack and which we greatly need to insure the lasting prosperity of the Nation—the happy habit of thrift.

This is what Uncle Sam is saying to all his nieces and nephews:

"My children, I want you to be thrifty. I want you to organize yourselves into a real army, with Gen. Thrift as your commander in chief, and fight with all your time, thought, care, and money against your all too-powerful adversary, Gen. Thriftlessness. He is a hard foe to conquer, for he has secret agents working for him that are all about you. One of them is Maj. Waste; others are Capt. Carelessness, Lieut. Laziness, and Ensign Extravagance.

But Gen. Thrift bids you give no heed to their words of advice. He asks which you would prefer to have—25 cents or $25. The $25 and even more can really be yours in time if you give strict attention to Gen. Thrift's officers' orders.

Maj. Salvage as opposed to Maj. Waste commands: "Save your old rags and papers and jewelry and junk. Don't throw them away—turn them into Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps."

Capt. Forethought against Carelessness commands: "Look ahead. Save some of your weekly allowance. Invest it so that you may have some fun and happiness in the future."

Lieut. Business against Laziness commands: "Get busy. Find a work to do. Invest your time—it pays."

Ensign Economy against Ensign Extravagance commands: "Spend wisely. Get something good and lasting for every cent that you spend. Divide your allowance into parts—some to be saved, some to buy necessities, some to buy fun."

And right here Uncle Sam goes on to say: "Let me take that part you are going to save, and I will look after it for you, and when you are a little older I will give it back to you and pay you extra money for the use of it."

Think of that—opportunity to make your money grow. Trust your Uncle Sam; he's dependable. Buy Thrift Stamps—Buy War Savings Stamps.

Let us get together and form that thrifty army, as Uncle Sam requests, and then when our investments mature we can step up to the window with our fists full of stamps and say, in a loud, proud voice, "Uncle Sam—we are here."

Nos. 3 and 7: Suggestions for four-minute speeches or essays to be developed by the pupil.

I. Saving and myself:

A. Where I can save to-day.

B. Where I can invest most wisely.

C. What my savings will mean to me five years hence—

1. For my education.

2. As a start in business.

D. What my savings mean to the Government.
E. How my savings help the world need for capital.

II. Thrift and the high cost of living:
A. Extravagance and Luxury important causes of the high cost of living—
1. Waste of materials.
2. Waste of labor.
3. Waste of money.
4. Consequent high prices.
B. Thrift the remedy—
1. Industry to increase production.
2. Buying wisely, only what we can afford, what we really want; buying for value, not for show.
3. Taking care of what we buy.
4. Saving and investing our money.

III. Reading the Future:

Life is an arrow—therefore you must know
What mark to aim at, how to use the bow—
Then draw it to the head and let it go.

Henry Van Dyke.

A. The place we are to hold in life is determined largely by the aims we set for ourselves.

B. Every one may be his own fortune teller by planning early what he hopes to be and using his time, energy, and money to further this aim.

C. Earning and saving money is an important means of achieving our aims.

> If you want to know whether you are destined to be a success or a failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and it is infallible: Are you able to save money?
>
> *James J. Hill.*

IV. How to own a farm at 21.
V. Ten ways in which a boy or girl may provide for a college education.
VI. War Savings Stamps and ambitions.
VII. How to make money work for us through investments.
VIII. How my industry and thrift affect my neighbors.
IX. Buying wisely.
X. Health and success.
XI. The road to independence.
XII. The value of good roads to the community.
XIII. The value of machinery on the farm.
XIV. How modern appliances save time in the home.

XV. Thrift in fire prevention.
XVI. Weeds mean waste.
XVII. Earning money by raising a calf, a pig, Belgian hares, etc.

4. Recitation:

THE BOY COLUMBUS.

"'Tis a wonderful story," I hear you say
"How he struggled and worked and pled and prayed,
And faced every danger undismayed,
With a will that would neither break nor bend,
And discovered a new world in the end.
But what does it teach to a boy of to-day?
All the worlds are discovered, you know, of course,
All the rivers are traced to their utmost source;
There is nothing left for a boy to find,
If he had ever so much a mind
To become a discoverer famous;
And if we'd much rather read a book
About some one else, and the risks he took,
Why nobody, surely, can blame us."

So you think all the worlds are discovered now;
All the lands have been charted and sailed about,
Their mountains climbed, their secrets found out;
All the seas have been sailed, and their currents known—
To the utermost isles the winds have blown
They have carried a venturing prow?
Yet there lie all about us new worlds, everywhere,
That await their discoverer's footfall; spread fair
Are electrical worlds that no eye has yet seen,
And mechanical worlds that lie hidden serene
And await their Columbus securely.
There are new worlds in Science and new worlds in Art,
And the boy who will work with his head and his heart
Will discover his new world surely.

Anonymous.

5. Declamation:

THRIFT.

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Thrift is simply the application of intelligence to expenditure.

It does not mean only saving. It does not connote skimping and penny-pinching, niggardliness, and miserliness. That is often the most foolish kind of waste; waste of health, of spirits, and of the joy of life.

Thrift means intelligent spending.

To spend a dollar now may save two dollars next month.

Thrift implies a budget. If you have no wise plan, it makes little difference how much you make. What is the use of forging ahead when you don't know your destination?

Some busy money-makers might sing, with Mr. Dooley, "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way."

Thrift implies foresight. It means we can see to-morrow as well as to-day.

It is the opposite of childishness. The child can grasp only what is before him. He can not realize the future. He "Wants what he wants when he wants it." If he had no older heads to think for him he would, like the grasshopper, dance all summer and starve all winter.

The savage eats when he finds meat. He gorges and sleeps, and between times starves. The civilized man lays up. In abundance he prepares against famine. He builds barns and warehouses.

Thrift implies self-control. We are masters of self, not slaves of self.

Thrift implies self-respect. We do not wish to become a burden upon others. Hence we lay up something for our lean days.

Thrift means decency. The decent portion of the race accept their due responsibility, carry their share of the burdens, justify their existence by cheerfully doing their part of the world's work.

Thrift means patriotism.

Thrift means love of family.

Thrift means you are not a bounder, a sponge, or a nuisance.

Thrift means using your strength to protect your weakness, your health to take care of your sickness, your fortune to provide against your misfortune.

Thrift means you are not ashamed of your past; you are content with your present; and you are unafraid of your future.

It means you can stand up like a man on your two feet and face whatever destiny may have for you and say:

I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

——BUY W. S. S.——

6. Chorus: Selected.

7. Four-minute speech. (See No. 3.)

8a. Declamation:

GENERAL PERSHING, HAIL!

Message of welcome from the Secretary of War to General Pershing, September 8, 1919:

General PERSHING:

About two and a half years ago, by the President's direction, I had the honor of designating you to lead the Armies of the United States in France.

To-day you return, your mission accomplished, with victory written on the banners of the greatest Army the Nation has ever had. * * *

The task intrusted to you required all the imagination, all the energy, and all the genius of a great commander. From the first you had the complete confidence of the President and the Secretary of War. This confidence remained unshaken to the end. * * *

From the beginning you had all the support the people of the United States could give. You and your great Army embodied for them their country and their country's cause. They worked with devotion and self-sacrifice to sustain and supply you with troops and equipment. Their hearts were overseas with you and their prayers for your welfare and that of your men were constant. * * *

The great victories are now won. Your magnificent Army has returned. The soldiers who once marched through the thickets of the Argonne are citizens again, filled with high memories of great deeds, and carrying into life the inspiration which membership in that great company and sacrifice for that great cause engendered. * * *

I bid you welcome, grateful, on behalf of the country you have served and on behalf of the people whose sons you have led. * * * You return not only to American soil, but to the heart of the country.

8b. Declamation (to be recited by three pupils):

THRIFT WILL AVERT NATIONAL DISASTER.

President Wilson recently declared that if we fail to solve the problem of the high cost of living we will face "national disaster." To meet the situation he recommends:

"Only by keeping the cost of production on its present level, by increasing production and by rigid economy and saving on the part of the people can we hope for large decreases in the burdensome cost of living which now weighs us down."

Gov. W. P. G. Harding, of the Federal Reserve Board, voices the same view in these words:

"Whether viewed from an economic or financial standpoint, the remedy for the present situation is the same, namely, to work and save; work regularly and efficiently in order to produce and distribute the largest possible volume of commodities, and to exercise economies in order that money, goods, and services may be devoted primarily to the liquidation of debt and to the satisfaction of the demand for necessities, rather than to the indulgence in extravagance or the gratification of a desire for luxuries."

Mr. William Mather Lewis, Director of the Savings Division, Treasury Department, speaking at a later date sounds a more hopeful note but warns us all that continued vigilance is necessary.

Mr. Lewis says:

"The upward trend of prices having been halted by public outcry and the activity of the Government in the situation, in too many instances, the individual has decided that there is nothing for him to do.

"But continued vigilance on the part of every individual is necessary, not only to prevent attempts to reintroduce unwarranted prices in more or less isolated cases but to furnish a peremptory warning to those whose interest it is to boost up prices that the weight of public opinion is against them.

"We can not expect an immediate return to prewar prices, but the speeding of the date on which they will return depends upon the continued focusing of public attention on means for bringing the prices down."

No. 9. Chorus: Selected.

No. 10. Play:

WHERE'S YOUR MONEY?

A One-act Play.

(By Henrietta F. Dunlap.)

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Roscoe Rossell (Dubsie), not so long married.
Mrs. Roscoe Rossell (Tootsie), married an equal length of time.
Mr. Samuel Rossell, uncle to Roscoe, and dubbed "Uncle Sam."
Mrs. Samuel Rossell, his wife, affectionately termed "Aunt Columbia."
Miranda, the colored cook.
Scene: Living room of the junior Rossells' house in Happyburg.
Time: The present.

FOREWORD.

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Rossell are a very young and very happy pair of newly-weds.

Mr. Samuel Rossell is bluff, fat, and jolly, middle-aged to old.

Aunt Columbia, his wife, is a severer type, but she does not lack kindliness.

Miranda, the colored cook, is one of the kind of old-fashioned servants, loyal, and intrusted with much responsibility.

The living room has a mantel in the rear-center, with a window on either side. There is a door right which leads to the outside door of the house. The door left leads back into the house, eventually to the kitchen.

On either side of the mantel is a vase; a mirror over it.

There is a large rug covering the center of the floor.

There is a table front center with a table cover and a bowl for flowers—empty. On either side of the table is a comfortable armchair. There is a sofa, left front, with a sofa cushion at either end. There is a small chair to the right of the door (right) and a table to the left of the door (right). Over the door (right) is a ledge on which is a cracker jar.

Mrs. Rossell is discovered alone. She is sitting in the chair to the left of the center table, assorting bills and silver change. She

rises and puts some of the money under the vase to the right of the mantel. After more thought, she puts some of it under the table cover, and some under the other vase. There is still some money left which she fingers lovingly.

Enter Miranda, left. She crosses stage and stands to right of table as she talks.

MIRANDA. Shore, Mis' Rossell, is you forgot you ain't ordered dinner, to-day?

MRS. ROSSELL. Why, I hadn't exactly forgotten it, Miranda. I was going to call you in a few minutes. What do we need?

MIRANDA. Well, we done had ham once dis week, so I specks we better hab po'k chops, to-day. Den we's got 'taters and sparrow-grass and blue-mange lef' obah fum yistiddy.

MRS. ROSSELL. I think that will be enough for Mr. Rossell and me. How much money do you need?

MIRANDA. Better gimme two dollars.

MRS. ROSSELL (taking money from under table cover). Now, there's two dollars.

MIRANDA. Is you done move de market-money place fum off'n de mantelpiece.

MRS. ROSSELL. Yes, I decided it was better to keep the market-money under the table-cover and put the butter-and-egg money under the right-hand vase. It's really better system that way.

MIRANDA. Ain't you forgot sump'n Mis' Rossell?

MRS. ROSSELL. Why—have I?

MIRANDA. Don' you know what day ob de month dis is?

MRS. ROSSELL. November 1, 1919.

MIRANDA. Shore. Dis am pay day.

MRS. ROSSELL. Oh, Miranda, I forgot. [Hastily takes money from under right-hand vase.]

MIRANDA (counting money). Mis' Rossell! You knows I don' wuk fo' no $5 a month.

MRS. ROSSELL. Oh, I beg your pardon, Miranda. I gave you the money from under the wrong vase. [Takes the money from Miranda and gets money from under the left-hand vase.]

MIRANDA. Well, dat's mo' like it! Han'in' me $5! My soul and body! [Puts money in left-hand pocket.] You know what dat pocket's wuth, Mis' Rossell? Dat's a hun'erd-dollar pocket, dat is. One's my savings pocket, dat's gwine to keep me when I gits ol', an' one's my ebry day cashulty pocket.

MR. ROSSELL (laughing). Why, that's fine, Miranda. I didn't know you were so rich. Be sure you don't get robbed some fine day.

MIRANDA. Can't rob me 'thout I knows it, and if I knows it I 'ont let 'em.

Mrs. Rossell. All right, Miranda. You watch out.

(Exit Miranda, left, shaking her head.)

Mrs. Rossell takes the remaining money off the table, pats it, and smooths it. Then she drags the table right over to the door. She places the small chair in front of the table. Then she mounts the table by way of the chair, and takes down a cracker jar off the ledge over the door. Just at this moment a voice calls her name.

Rossell's voice (off right). Oh, Tootsie, darling!

Mrs. Rossell. Oh, Dubsie.

(Roscoe appears back of the table in doorway right.)

Roscoe. Well, look at this! How's a man going to get into his own house?

Mrs. Rossell. Crawl under. [He crawls under.]

Mrs. Rossell. You sweet thing! [She stoops over to kiss him.]

Roscoe. Didn't I tell you never to do this again?

Mrs. Rossell. I know, Dubsie, but I'm afraid I'll get the money mixed up with some of the other money if I don't put it away immediately.

Roscoe. Well, while you're up there, how much have we now?

Mrs. Rossell. You count it.

Roscoe. One hundred—two hundred—three hundred and fifty dollars.

Mrs. Rossell. Oh, Dubsie, what a lot of money!

Roscoe. Think so? That's not much. You just ought to hear the scheme I have on hand. Come on down here. [She places the cracker jar back on the ledge. He helps her down and they talk excitedly as they put the chair and table back in place. He places his hat on the table.]

Mrs. Rossell. Be careful, Roscoe. One leg's a little weak.

Roscoe. Aw, pretty soon, we'll throw all broken-legged tables out of the window, and just buy new ones.

Mrs. Rossell. Why, what has struck you? Has your rich uncle died?

Roscoe. No, no! Better than that. Look at this. [He draws her down on the sofa and pulls out a large sheet which he unfolds.]

Mrs. Rossell (reading). "Quadruple your money in a year! Invest in the Patent Buffer Life Prolonging Co.!" Quadruple—quadrupled—that's four times, isn't it? Oh, Dubsie, do you believe that anything really could quadruple our money in just one year?

Roscoe. Sure I believe it. Look at the names of the people who indorse it—John D. Brickenoller, Jacob J. Astorbilt, Theodore Biltmore—That's how they all made their money. That is they made it off the Patent Concussion Shoe Soles, which were invented by the same man.

Mrs. Rossell. Oh, it doesn't seem possible!

ROSCOE. Why, there's proof positive! There's no getting around what those men say. Now, if we can put $500 in right now, next year it will be $2,000, next year it will be $8,000—and so on. You follow me.

(Bell rings off stage.)

(Miranda crosses stage. She enters left and exits right.)

MIRANDA (as she crosses). Specks me to do eb'ry t'ing to onct.

Mrs. ROSSELL. Oh, isn't it wonderful to have a business mind!

ROSCOE. Now, you see, the trouble is the time's almost up. We have to get our money to New York by November second—that's to-morrow. I just happened to see this by accident. Now, how much can we scrape together?

(Enter Miranda, right, with a telegram in her hand.)

MIRANDA. Telegram for Mr. Rossell.

ROSCOE (opening telegram). "Will arrive Happyburg 11 a. m., Wednesday. Your aunt is with me. Uncle Sam." Arrive at 11 a. m., Great Scott! It's quarter to eleven now. He'll never forgive me if we don't meet him.

Mrs. ROSSELL. Maybe if you hurry you can do it.

ROSCOE. You come, too. Run along and get your hat and coat. [Mrs. Rossell runs off stage through left entrance.] Miranda, we're going to get rich.

MIRANDA. Deed, is you?

ROSCOE. Yes; put in a hundred dollars and get four hundred dollars. Tell you about it when we get back. Oh, by the way, here's $200 I just got out of the bank as I came along. [He lays prospectus on center table.]

Mrs. ROSSELL (entering left and slipping on coat as she walks). Better not take it with you.

ROSCOE. Here; I'll stick it in this bowl until we get back. [Puts it in bowl on center table.]

Mrs. ROSSELL. Oh, Miranda; straighten up this room while we're gone. We want to make a good effect on Aunt Columbia.

(Roscoe snatches up hat. Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Rossell, right.)

MIRANDA (moving around room and straightening up here and there). Always flying around here! Dis place wouldn't run at all ef 'twarn't fer me. [Picks up circular and sits down comfortably on sofa.]

(Enter Uncle Sam and Aunt Columbia, right. He carries a suit case and she has a hand satchel and a bunch of flowers.)

UNCLE SAM. Well, well, well. Find the door open and walk right in!

MIRANDA (rising hastily). How do, sah! How do, ma'am! Glad to see you! We ain' speck yo' so soon, sah! De young couple am gone to meet yo'.

AUNT COLUMBIA. Do they usually leave the door wide open?

MIRANDA. Oh, yas'm; we genally leabes it open. Hit's de bes' way to fool de bu'glars. Makes 'em think you ain't got nothin' wuth stealin'.

UNCLE SAM. So that's the theory, is it?

MIRANDA. Mr. and Mrs. Rossell sho' will be disappi'nted not to see you. Dey lit out de minute dat telegram came.

UNCLE SAM. Well, you see, we arrived sooner than we expected. Made close connections. [Picks up poster advertising the Patent Buffer Life Prolonger and begins to read.]

MIRANDA. What does you-alls like for dinner?

UNCLE SAM. Nothing but vegetables for me. The doctor won't allow me a bit of meat.

AUNT COLUMBIA. Nothing but beefsteak for me. I'm on a strictly meat diet.

MIRANDA. Hoop-ee! Dis nigger got to get something different for dinner. [She lifts table cover, takes a dollar, and puts back the rest.] I won't be long. I jes' goin' aroun' de cohnah.

AUNT COLUMBIA. Is that where Mrs. Rossell keeps her money?

MIRANDA. Yas'm. Dat's de market money. Hit sabe a lot o' time to have it hyuh handy.

UNCLE SAM. Do they consider that a safe place for money?

MIRANDA. Mr. Rossell, he say no bu'glar thinks he so crazy to keep money under the table cover.

UNCLE SAM. Something in it.

MIRANDA. I gwine on out now to git you-alls some dinner. Kin I fix dem flowers for you, Mis' Rossell?

AUNT COLUMBIA. Thank you, Miranda. I can arrange them myself.

MIRANDA. You all jest make yo'self comftubble till I gits back.

(Exit Miranda, right.)

AUNT COLUMBIA. Well, what do you think of that? [Takes off bonnet and coat; picks up bowl off center table with the evident intention of using it for the flowers.]

UNCLE SAM. Disgraceful! And look at this! [holding up Patent Buffer Life Prolonger]. Do you suppose they have been putting money in these wildcat schemes?

AUNT COLUMBIA (reading aloud). "Quadruple your money in 12 months."

UNCLE SAM. You don't suppose my brother Ned's boy is simpleton enough to think he can do a wildcat thing like that, do you?

AUNT COLUMBIA. I don't know. I can think anything after the way I see they leave their money around [she calls back as she goes off, left, to get the bowl full of water. Uncle Sam goes on reading the circular and shaking his head.]

(Enter Aunt Columbia with the bowl, which she places on the table.)

Aunt Columbia. They actually have a bowl of pennies in the kitchen. [She lifts the flowers to put them in the bowl, then pauses, looking into the bowl.] Mercy on me! What's this? [She holds up the wet bills which she picks out of the water.] I never saw such disgraceful carelessness in my life. Two hundred dollars! Floating in the water! Just you watch! I'll give them some anxiety about this money. [She dries the money and puts it in her bag.]

Uncle Sam. I believe it! I believe it!

Aunt Columbia. Believe what?

Uncle Sam. I believe these young imbeciles could be induced to invest in a patent life prolonger, or any other gimcrack a clever promoter tried to put over on them. Just look! Here's the morning paper with the life-sized picture of a man who has been getting rich on blue-sky schemes.

Aunt Columbia. Well, after what I've seen I believe that man could come in here looking exactly like that picture and those two babies would put every cent they own into his coffers.

Uncle Sam. Do you think so? Do you really think so, now? It would be very interesting to know. [He studies newspaper, then regards his own face in the mirror over the mantel. He compares his face and the face in the mirror.]

Aunt Columbia. I am positive of it.

Uncle Sam [ramming newspaper in his pocket]. Well, my dear, I really must go out and get a shave. I wouldn't dare kiss my new niece with a chin like this. Can you get along comfortably until my return?

Aunt Columbia. Oh, don't hurry back on my account. I can make myself perfectly comfortable here on this sofa.

(*Enter Miranda, right.*)

Uncle Sam. You will take good care of her, Miranda, won't you?

Miranda. Shore I will. Jest leabe dat lady to me. Does you bofe take aigs fro your breakfus', sah?

Uncle Sam. Oh, yes; eggs—anything—I'll be back soon.

(*Exit right.*)

[Miranda takes money from under right-hand vase.]

Aunt Columbia. My soul! Is every article of furniture in this house a bank?

Miranda. You see, dat's de way we keeps de money separate. Den we neber makes a mistake. When de aig money gib out, we don' buy no mo' aigs. You see?

Aunt Columbia. I see. [She moves a sofa cushion from one end of the sofa to the other. Immediately her eyes fall upon the rent money.] More money! What's this money for?

MIRANDA. Oh, dat's de house-rent money. De agent ain't come yet, but he'll be here soon.

AUNT COLUMBIA. Well, why these young people are not robbed every day is more than I can understand. Well, thank you, very much, Miranda. I'll call you if I want you.

MIRANDA. All right, ma'am. [Exits left.] Ef you think ob anythin' yo' wants, jest whoop.

AUNT COLUMBIA. I'll let you know, Miranda. [Aunt Columbia takes the rent money and grimly puts it in her bag. She arranges the cushion preparatory to lying down.]

(Enter Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe, right.)

MRS. ROSSELL. I don't see how on earth we missed them. Why—— [catching sight of Aunt Columbia].

ROSCOE. Why, Aunt Columbia! How did you get here? Tootsie, this is Aunt Columbia. Aunt Columbia, I want you to meet my wife.

AUNT COLUMBIA. Very glad to meet you, my dear. [Kissing her.]

ROSCOE. Certainly am glad to see you, Aunt Columbia. But tell us how you got here. And where's Uncle Sam?

AUNT COLUMBIA. Oh, we made connections sooner than we expected, so we just came right along. Your uncle thought he wanted a shave, so he went out to get one. He'll be back soon. Well, my dear, you are just as pretty as your pictures.

MRS. ROSSELL. Oh, how kind of you, Aunt Columbia. Roscoe thinks I'm pretty.

ROSCOE. You bet.

MRS. ROSSELL. I do hope Uncle Sam will like me. [Noticing the bowl full of flowers.] Oh, the beautiful flowers! Where did they come from? You, Aunt Columbia? Aren't they lovely, Roscoe?

(Bell rings off stage.)

ROSCOE. They are lovely. [Enter Miranda, left, crossing to right.] Er—did you put the lovely flowers in the bowl, Miranda?

MIRANDA. No, sah. Dat lady done it.

(Exit Miranda, right.)

ROSCOE. You arranged them beautifully, Aunt Columbia. It seems to me, though, that they are a little crowded. Don't you think so, Tootsie?

MRS. ROSSELL. Why—er, yes. You brought us such a lot, Aunt Columbia. I'll take them out and put some in another vase. They are so lovely. [She exits left, carrying the bowl of flowers.]

ROSCOE. My wife is passionately devoted to flowers. You couldn't have done a better thing to win her love, Aunt Columbia.

AUNT COLUMBIA. I'm pleased to know she has such good taste.

(Enter Miranda, right.)

MIRANDA. Dere's a gemman here to see Mr. Rossell. Shall I show him in here? Here's his card.

ROSCOE (reading:) "Darius X. King, representing the Patent Buffer Life Prolonger." Certainly, show him in. [Exit Miranda, right.] It's a funny thing, Aunt Columbia. Here's a man who's the agent for just what Tootsie and I were talking about when you came in.

AUNT COLUMBIA. Indeed!

(Enter Miranda, right, followed by Uncle Sam disguised as Darius X. King. Even Aunt Columbia does not recognize him.)

MIRANDA. Here de gemman are, Mr. Rossell.

(Exit Miranda, left, with suspicious backward glances at Mr. King.)

ROSCOE. Ah, Mr.—ah, Mr. King [referring to card]. I am so glad to meet you. Let me present you to my aunt, Mrs. Rossell. [Aunt Columbia bows stiffly, takes some knitting out of her bag and begins to knit. Throughout the whole interview she has the air of one who says, "Do it at your own risk."]

MR. KING (bowing). Charmed to meet you.

(Enter Mrs. Roscoe, left, with bowl and vase of flowers. She looks worried.)

ROSCOE. My wife, Mr. King; ah, Mr. King is the representative of the Patent Buffer Life Prolonger, dear.

MRS. ROSSELL. Oh, we were just talking about that before Aunt Columbia came.

ROSCOE. Take a seat right here on this sofa, Mr. King.

(Mr. King takes a seat on the sofa; Roscoe sits in the big chair to the left of the table, and Mrs. Roscoe perches on the arm of his chair. Aunt Columbia keeps her seat to the right.)

MR. KING. Ah, what a happy home you have here! It does an old man's heart good to see two young people starting out happily hand in hand, to make this world a better place to live in.

ROSCOE (very much embarrassed.) Why, yes, sir; yes, sir. That's very nice!

MR. KING. All these pleasant surroundings; this pretty room; the result of hard work and saving, I do not doubt. This thrifty helpmate who graces the home and makes the money go a long, long way—how charming! Do you enjoy a little spin in the motor car after the day's work is done, Mrs. Rossell?

MRS. ROSSELL. Ah, we haven't any motor car—yet—but we're saving up to get one.

MR. KING. Saving up. With my age and experience I can say to you young people, you never will own a motor car if you rely upon saving to gain one. "While money can be earned by labor, it can be multiplied only by investment." It takes an old man like me to appreciate just what that saying means.

Rossell. We were just bginning to consider the subject of investment. In fact, we were much struck by this advertisement from your company.

Mr. King. Ah, then, my arrival seems in every way providential! You already know something of the altruistic, I may say the humanitarian work of the Patent Buffer Life Prolonging Co.—an investment made a daily necessity by the exigencies of modern life. I am sorry I haven't one to show you, but look at me, I look absolutely natural, don't I? [Stands up.] Now, Mr. Rossell, just place your hand on my side in the region where my ribs are anatomically supposed to be. I am wearing one now. Mrs. Rossell, place your hand on the other side. [Mr. and Mrs Rossell do as bid.] Doesn't the other lady want to lay a hand on, too?

Aunt Columbia (stiffly). I am not interested.

Mr. King (playfully). Not interested? My dear lady, I am willing to warrant you will be one of the very first persons to purchase a Patent Buffer Life Prolonger. Now, feel me. I feel just like a normal man, don't I? Now, watch! I place my hand in my pocket—perfectly inconspicuous. I am really pressing a little bulb concealed in my trousers pocket. Now feel.

Mrs. Rossell. Oh, he's swelling up.

Mr. King. Ah, ha, young lady—you can't tickle me! Now, stand off and look at me! [Mr. and Mrs. Rossell stand off and look at him. Mrs. Rossell on the left, Mr. Rossell on the right). Aunt Columbia stops her knitting to look too but seeing herself observed switches her attention back to the sock.] Look perfectly normal, don't I? Yet you see what has happened? I have placed a flexible cushion of air, between myself and the mob, thus efficiently preventing death by violent colliding pressure. See what a useful device this is for one accustomed to travel on the New York subway, or on any of the too-crowded public carriers of our great metropoli.

Mrs. Rossell. I've never been to New York.

Mr. King. Then so much greater your need for the Patent Buffer Life Prolonger. Some day you will go to New York, and then, your tender frame being unused to the great crush and scramble of its multifarious life, I should say a Patent Buffer Life Prolonger becomes an absolute necessity.

Mrs. Rossell. I don't think we'll take one to-day, will we, Roscoe?

Mr. King. Ah, my dear young lady, you think I am an agent selling the Patent Buffer Life Prolonger. Not at all. The Patent Buffer Life Prolonger becomes an absolute necessity. We do not need agents. People telegraph their orders. But here's the point. We are increasing our capital by selling stock up to the value of $1,000,000. Shares are a hundred dollars par value. Subscriptions close to-morrow. Every share of this stock which we have offered

at this price has been subscribed for except this lot of $500 which I am offering to you. As a special inducement we are offering this stock at a 50 per cent reduction to all those who file their subscriptions before November 2.

Mr. and Mrs. Rossell (in one breath). To-morrow!

Mr. King. After that date not one share will be sold under $100.

Roscoe. How about it, Tootsie? Don't you think we might put a hundred into it?

Mr. King. Oh, I forgot to mention. We are only selling stock to the amount of $500. Five hundred dollars' worth of stock purchased now will have doubled in value by to-morrow night.

Roscoe. Could we go five hundred, Tootsie?

Mrs. Rossell. I—don't—know.

Mr. King. You know the wide success of the Patent Concussion Shoe Sole backed by the same company? Patent Concussion Shoe Sole doubled in value by the end of the first year; quadrupled in value by the end of the second year. Experts predict a yet greater success for the Patent Buffer Life Prolonger.

Mrs. Rossell. Well, could you come back to-morrow?

Mr. King. Sorry. Subscriptions close to-morrow at 7 a. m. I never rise before 9. Oh! don't bother. Biffins is begging me for it, but I hate to give a chance like this to a man who already has his millions. It means so much more to a young couple just starting out in life.

Mrs. Rossell. Well, maybe we can do it. [Roscoe make a gesture toward the bowl of flowers. Mrs. Roscoe shakes her head. She goes to sofa.] Would you mind moving a minute, Mr. King? I left something under this sofa cushion.

Mr. King. Certainly not. [He shifts himself to the other end of the sofa while Mrs. Roscoe feels under the cushion.]

Mrs. Rossell. Would you mind letting me look under the other cushion? I made a mistake about the end.

Mr. King. Certainly. Look where you please. Search me, if you like. [Mrs. Rossell looks under other cushion and then turns a dismayed face to her husband.]

Roscoe. I'm afraid we can't quite make so large an amount in such a short time——

Mrs. Rossell. Wait a minute. [Goes over to Aunt Columbia.] Would you mind moving a minute? I have some money hidden under this rug. [Aunt Columbia stands with grim scorn on her face.]

Roscoe. Oh, my dear, I don't want you to give up your coat.

Mrs. Rossell. I can go without it very easily, Dubsie. This is more important. Thank you, Aunt Columbia. [Aunt Columbia sits down again.] You see this is some money I was saving for a fur coat

next winter—but just think of all the fur coats I can have when our money in quadrupled.

Roscoe. But this is only a hundred and twenty-five, dear.

Mrs. Rossell. I know. We've got the rest. Come on. [She begins dragging small table over under the door.]

Roscoe (helping with the table but protesting). Oh, Tootsie—don't do that. I don't want you to give up everything.

Mrs. Rossell (dragging chair). Get up.

Roscoe. Oh, but Tootsie!

Mrs. Rossell (beginning to mount chair). If you don't get up, I will.

Roscoe (stopping her and mounting table himself). I'll do it, but it makes me feel like a beast to have you do this.

Mr. King. You'll never regret it, I'm sure.

Aunt Columbia (icily). And may I ask what this little hoard is for?

Roscoe (pausing on top of table with cracker jar in hand). You see, Aunt Columbia, we couldn't afford to go on a wedding tour when we were married and this is really our wedding tour.

(Enter Miranda, left.)

Miranda. What goin' an hyuh? Neber knows what you-all 'll do next.

Mrs. Rossell. Count it carefully, dear.

Roscoe (descending). Now, here's 350 more. That makes 475. Wonder where we can get 25 more, Tootsie? [Mrs. Rossell looks under vases and tablecover.]

Aunt Columbia. Am I sitting on anything you want?

Mrs. Rossell. No, thank you, Aunt Columbia.

Miranda. What you-alls lookin' for?

Mrs. Rossell. Oh, Miranda, we need just $25 to make up some money. Can't you lend us $25 out of your hundred-dollar pocket?

Miranda. Shore I kin. [Produces money.] Twenty-five enough? [As she puts the rest of the money back in her pocket, she drops some, which Aunt Columbia picks up.]

Roscoe. Oh, thank you, Miranda. Now, Mr. King, here is your $500.

Mr. King. Ah, you don't know how happy this makes me. To see two young people started on the road to affluence. This is the sort of thing that makes an old man feel like a boy again. Well, good day, Mrs. Rossell. Good day, Mr. Roscoe. I have rarely seen more business acumen in one so young. Good day, Madam. I did not catch the name (holding Aunt Columbia's limp hand).

Roscoe. My aunt, Mrs. Rossell.

Mr. King. Mrs. Rossell, I have a feeling that we have met before—somewhere—sometime.

Aunt Columbia (snatching her hand away). Indeed I have no such feeling.

Mr. King (bowing to all sides). You don't feel it—ah? I must bid you all good day. I must hurry to telegraph the company the fact of your investment, Mr. Rossell. Good day, all of you.

[Exit Mr. King, right.]

Aunt Columbia. Swindler!

Roscoe. Why, Aunt Columbia, how can you say such a thing? Everybody knows that those companies have made dead loads of money.

Mrs. Rossell. Besides, he had such an honest face. He was so simple and fatherly.

Aunt Columbia. Simple and fatherly! You wait till your uncle comes in. He'll tell you what he thinks of any such foolishness! As for you, Miranda—you'll never see your $25 again.

Miranda. Oh, Lordy! Lordy! I can't 'ford to lose $25.

Roscoe. Shut up, Miranda. Of course, I'll make your money all right if there is any trouble. Ah, Miranda—you didn't pay the rent while we were out, did you?

Miranda. No, sah. I ain't spent no money for nuthin' but the vittles for you-alls' company.

Roscoe. You didn't notice anything in the bowl when you filled it with water for the flowers, did you, Aunt Columbia?

Aunt Columbia. I noticed that it was slightly dusty.

Roscoe. Then, we will just have to face the facts of the case, darling. We have been robbed.

Aunt Columbia. Robbed?

Mrs. Rossell. You see, Aunt Columbia, Dubsie had put about $200 in the bowl before we left for the train, and now it's gone.

Aunt Columbia. Two hundred dollars lying loose in a bowl. Why, anybody could have walked off with it.

Roscoe. Well, you see, we hurried off to the train, and we expected to be back in about 15 minutes. This place has been burglarized.

Mrs. Rossell. Yes, and the rent money's gone, too. We had the rent money behind the sofa cushion. [She weeps. Roscoe pats her sympathetically.]

Aunt Columbia. Behind the sofa cushion! Wait till I tell your uncle! Ah, I understand the whole business.

Mrs. Rossell. Oh, do you know where the money is?

Aunt Columbia. That investment man was a prestidigitator. He got the money from behind the cushion and out of the bowl while you were not looking. Wait till your uncle hears about it!

Mrs. Rossell. Oh, but he was so kind and sympathetic. I don't believe it.

AUNT COLUMBIA. You better count your money, Miranda. Maybe $25 isn't all you have lost.

MIRANDA (counting roll). Fifty, sixty, sixty-five—Law-zee! Whar my $75? Dat thief done took $10 out'n my pocket!

UNCLE SAM (bursting in right with a newspaper in his hand). Well, my dear children, I am so glad to see you. Great news! Great news! They're on his trail! They've tracked him to his liar! They'll get that rascal, yet! Ah-h-h! That makes me so happy!

ROSCOE. Uncle, this is my wife.

UNCLE SAM. So you have! Been married, haven't you? Glad to meet you, dear! [Kissing her hastily.] Ah, the scoundrel! The swindler! [Walking up and down excitedly.] To think that the world harbors such swine, swimming the earth and putting their claws into the hard-gotten gains of simple people!

AUNT COLUMBIA. Sam, are you crazy?

ROSCOE. Stand still a minute, Uncle, and tell us what it's all about!

UNCLE SAM (holding out the paper and pointing). There! Oh, to think what might have happened!

MRS. ROSSELL (looking over his shoulder). Oh, Roscoe! It's his picture! Look!

ROSCOE. Whose picture? [Looking at paper.] The guy! It's the man!

AUNT COLUMBIA (stepping in front of Roscoe to look). Let me see. Just as I said! Now, when will your money come back quadrupled?

MIRANDA. What makes you-all take on so? [Looks at paper.] Law-zee, ef dat ain't de gemman what took my $35. Oh, Law, my $35!

UNCLE SAM. Well, really, I don't know what you are all so sad about! The rounding up of a notorious criminal should be a matter of deep rejoicing! Wonderful sleuth work, the police have done! They saw the villian enter the house. Now, there is a cordon of police surrounding the house waiting for him to emerge! I don't understand. What does it mean, Columbia?

AUNT COLUMBIA. It means simply that these young people have been completely taken in by that clever rascal.

UNCLE SAM. What! He hasn't been here?

ROSCOE. Well, Uncle Sam, it does look as if we were young and foolish. We believed the old scamp and invested $500 in his Patent Buffer Life Prolonger Co.

MRS. ROSSELL. And he stole our rent money and $200 besides.

MIRANDY. He got my thutty-five dollars.

UNCLE SAM (deeply moved). Poor dears! Poor dears! Swindled and burglarized all in one day!

Mrs. Rossell. He was so gentle and fatherly, Uncle Sam. You wouldn't believe it of him.

Roscoe. Why, you know, Uncle Sam, all the time he was talking I kept thinking of you.

Uncle Sam. Well, well. Thoroughly estimable-looking person.

Aunt Columbia. Well, you have suffered enough, as far as I'm concerned. If I give you back your $200, will you put it in some safe investment like hundred-dollar registered Treasury Savings Certificates?

Uncle Sam. Absolutely no excuse for anybody putting money in foolish propositions when Uncle Sam will take your $84 and some cents and give you back a hundred dollars five years from now. Miranda, you better put your money in War Savings Stamps.

Aunt Columbia (opening her bag). There's your $200 and your rent money, Roscoe. Miranda, there's 10 of your dollars.

Roscoe. Oh, but, Aunt Columbia, we don't want you to pay back our losses in your money——

Aunt Columbia. It isn't my money. It's your money. I took it and hid it to give you a lesson. Miranda, you dropped that ten when you put your money back in your pocket.

[Miranda takes the money with dropping jaws.]

Mr. and Mrs. Rossell. Oh, Aunt Columbia!

Uncle Sam (suddenly jumping to window). Oh, look, look! There's the patrol! They've got him! They've got him! There he goes now.

[Everybody rushes to the window. Uncle Sam steps into the middle of the room and puts on a wig, beard, and spectacles.]

[The next speeches must be said in a rush, everybody talking at once.]

Roscoe. Where is he?

Mrs. Rossell. Let me see!

Aunt Columbia. I don't see him!

Roscoe. There he goes now!

Miranda. Law-zee! I hope dey ketch him!

Roscoe. The patrol must have gone around the corner.

[Turning front, they see Uncle Sam in the disguise.]

Mrs. Rossell. There he is now!

Aunt Columbia. Why——

Miranda. Dar he!

Roscoe. What the—Uncle Sam, it was you!

(Curtain.)

11. Chorus: Patriotic song.

A FEW HELPFUL BOOKS.

The New American Thrift. Herbert Hoover, Thomas W. Lamont, Thomas Nixon Carver, Gifford Pinchot, Albert W. Atwood, Theodore H. Price, and other financial and economic authorities, with foreword by William Mather Lewis. American Academy of Political and Social Science, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bexell, J. A. First lessons in business. Philadelphia. Lippincott, 1919.

The elements necessary to a successful business career; elementary business forms; quotations, including "The Message to Garcia," by Elbert Hubbard.

Bowsfield, C. C. How boys and girls earn money. Chicago. Forbes, 1916.

Full of suggestions.

Chamberlain, A. H. and J. F. Thrift and conservation. Philadelphia. Lippincott, 1919.

Conservation of goods, materials, and natural resources.

Jackson, B. B., Deming, Norma H., and Bemis, K. I. Thrift and success. New York. Century Co., 1919.

Articles, stories, lives of famous men, short plays, selected poems.

MacGregor, T. D. Book of thrift. New York. Funk & Wagnalls, 1916.

General information on thrift subjects, stories of famous men, quotations from their writings.

Pritchard, Myron T., and Turkington, Grace A. Stories of thrifht for young Americans. New York. Scribner, 1916.

Articles and stories of how boys and girls can save; stories of famous men.

Studebaker, J. W. Our country's call to service, through public and private schools. Chicago. Scott and Foresman & Co., 1918.

Importance of conserving food, clothing, etc.; planting gardens; children's saving and investment in Thrift and War Savings Stamps.

University Society. Save and have. New York. The University Society, 1919.

Contains many valuable suggestions for saving things in the home.

POSTER SUGGESTIONS.

(Let the pupils make their own posters to be displayed on "Thrift Day.")

Child in center of the picture, surrounded by little pictures showing all the different ways in which he has made the money to purchase his War Savings Stamp.

Uncle Sam shaking hands with boy (or girl) and saying, "I promise you $5." Boy or girl holding War Savings Stamp marked with the price in the current month.

Squirrel storing acorns, each marked "Thrift Stamp," in hole in tree marked "War Savings Stamp."

A race between "Thrift," "Extravagance," "Poverty," and "Failure." "Thrift," in runner's costume, wins the race as he steps over the line marked "Success."

Little girl asleep in bed with War Savings Stamp in hand. A smaller picture shows her dream of a $5 pair of skates.

Little boy asleep. Dream of catcher's glove.

Young man standing at parting of two roads, one marked "Thrift," the other "Spendthrift." The "Thrift" road leads to a handsome house. "Spendthrift" road leads to a tumble-down hovel. The young man is carrying a satchel marked "W. S. S."

Boy with W. S. S. in his hand watching bees going into a hive. The line of bees spells the word "Success." The same cartoon may be made with a line of ants going into an ant hill.

Little trees, marked W. S. S., planted in a row, and labeled with the month of planting. The tree planted in June is larger than the tree planted in July, and so on.

Uncle Sam setting a "Thrift" trap with the bait of a War Savings Stamp. Rats and mice labeled "Foolish Spending," gnaw at a sack marked "Prosperity."

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